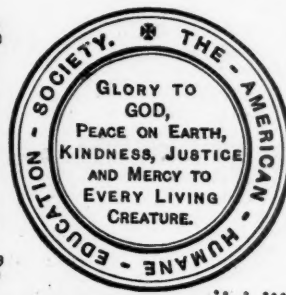


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 33.

Boston, June, 1900.

No. 1.



BOER SOLDIER TRYING TO PROTECT HIS WOUNDED HORSE FROM THE VULTURES.

[Used by kind permission of the "New York Journal."]

WHAT CLARA BARTON SAYS OF HORSES WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

"I have often said, as I am sure would be recalled by the friends who have heard me speak, that among the shocking and heart-rending scenes of the battlefield the screams of the wounded horses lingered more painfully in my ears, if possible, than the moans of the wounded men.

They die slow and hard if left to themselves, and I myself have seen the vultures hovering and tearing at them while life yet remained,"

THE VULTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In London correspondence to our Associated Press we find a description by Julian Ralph of a ride to Bloemfontein in the wake of Roberts' army, from which we take the following:

"I saw ahead of me a swarm of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud as if they had been moths. As I drew near I noticed that the bulk of each one's body was very great. On the ground, where there were two score waddling about, they seemed even larger.

"They marked the outer edge of the great and horrid field of carnage. Many dead horses lay on the veldt, and these birds were eating some and perching on the backs of others.

"They were to be my constant companions for three days. I was to see hundreds upon hundreds of them and never once by day fail to see them. Yet there were not enough of them to make away with all the food that war had given them.

"Of all the pitiful, heart-rending sights I have ever seen, none has compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this one hundred miles of war's promenade.

"The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's reliance—and to see them shattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest chords in one's breast. For some reason hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road and there had died either in the track of the wagons or by the side.

"My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses to find that they were still straining their sad eyes after the cart. Then he would say: 'He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me sick. Look, he is staring at us like a guilty conscience.'

"For my part I would not look behind. Heaven knows it was bad ahead, where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible vultures swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh."

Reading the above we can only add: *cursed be war, and cursed be those who seek to promote war.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SUFFERINGS OF HORSES IN WAR.

Do you think more of the sufferings of horses than men in war, Mr. Angell?

Answer. No, but don't you think somebody ought to speak for the horses? Men can choose whether to go to war or not. They have hospitals, and ambulances, and the Red Cross. Horses are compelled to go. They must suffer and die on battlefields and by slow starvation. They have no compensation in this world, and no relief from suffering but death.

TOWARDS THE MILLENNIUM.

In our May paper under the head of "A Rainbow in the Clouds of War" we

gave the splendid expression of sympathy from Lord Roberts, commanding the British army in South Africa, to the family of the Boer commander, Joubert.

And now we find that Lord Methuen, another British general, has caused a monument to be erected in memory of another Boer commander, De Villebois Mareuil.

We do not remember any similar action in any previous war, and so we hope that one more step has been taken towards the millennium. Many years ago, after looking over the statues of Northern generals at Washington, we thought it would be a good plan to have one that should speak for the South, and so we proposed a monument to the heroes living and dead who in 1878 fought yellow fever in our Southern cities and towns, and after consulting various persons we placed twenty-five dollars, as our humble contribution to ~~aid in starting it, in the hands of Major Ben Potley, Pottery, Mass.~~ well known in Massachusetts as the Washington representative of ~~the Boston Journal~~, but we are sorry to say the plan failed, and the twenty-five dollars went to another Washington charity.

THE SCAVENGER OF THE VELDT.

The vulture is the scavenger of the veldt. Throughout South Africa he is found. Go anywhere you like on the veldt, and sooner or later—and in all probability the former—you will find him.

His quickness of eye is simply astounding. An ox falls out of the team, evidently ill. He is out-spanned from his yoke fellow, and he goes down to the spruit, or stream. The sky above and away to the horizon on all sides is absolutely clear and cloudless.

Hardly has the breath left the body of the poor ox [and perhaps before] when you may observe far, far away up in the sky a tiny black speck, then another and another and another, until there are 20 of them. Gradually they get larger and larger, circling round in ever diminishing circles all the while they descend.

An hour afterward there is nothing in the spruit but a bundle of bleached white bones that might have been there for months. The sky is clear and speckless again. The vultures have scavenged the veldt.

How many soldiers, horses and mules, as well as oxen, have been eaten by the vultures in South Africa during the past few months?

FROM SONGS OF THE WIRES.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Hear them sing of trade and battle; hear the gold-coin chink and rattle!
Hear the feverish stammering ticker: stocks are up!
and stocks are down!
There's rejoicing, there is wailing, there is ruin in the town.
He who was a prince at morning is a beggar of the night;
She who held the world in scorning now may wither in its sight.
Ah! a battle now is on! tell the news and who has won!
Hear the bullets ringing, stinging—
Through the wires' spasmodic singing;
Chanting through the blood-dimmed day;
And this is what they say:

Hot cannon heard upon the hills
And rifles in the glen;
Oh, all the world will listen, now:
For men are murdering men!

Not hunting God's four-footed beasts
Or feathered clans, they came:
A nation is their hunting-ground,
And other men their game.

He was a glittering general
With thousands at his nod:
He is a fragment of the turf:
A clod beneath the clod.

He was a sunny-hearted boy—
A hope, but even now:
He is a specter in his home,
With blood upon his brow.

She was a proud and winsome wife
The world could not assail:
She walks the street a ghost in black
Beneath the widow's veil;

She was a mother, fond and proud,
When morning's gems were strown:
She is a wrecked old woman now,
And writhes and sobs alone.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

THREE QUESTIONS.

(1) Could not the British Government have anticipated this terrible famine in India and taken measures [calling perhaps on other nations for help], to prevent it?

(2) Could not the British Government have postponed this African war until it had made sure that millions of British subjects in India would not be compelled to die of starvation?

(3) Could not the British Government now arrange with the Boer Government to stop fighting until this terrible starvation in India shall have been ended?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

In a letter coming to us from New York we find this question: "Can you tell me if your paper has had an article on English policy in India, by which she in years of plenty has carried off food grains for army use?"

Can any of our readers inform us in regard to this?

IT IS SAFE.

It is safe to say that ninety-nine men out of a hundred in civilized countries are opposed to war.

They are farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, teachers, and wish the privilege of attending to their own business, homes, friends, and families. They have work to do, and wish no war.

But the demagogues, politicians and rogues seem to be constantly striving to promote their personal and political schemes by promoting a love for militarism and wars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"WHO BREWED THE CURSED FRAY."

"Feed my sheep," the sweet refrain
Re-echoes from Judea's plain.
The master left no lengthy roll
Of creeds to vex an earnest soul:
To love the Lord with all one's heart,
Our neighbor as our self. The chart
Bears impress of a mandate stern,
Yet one a little child may learn.
How have we kept the Master's word?
'Fore God, 'tis with a bloody sword.
We feed them with the shrieking hell,
With all the battle rage of hell.
Poor Philippines, poor Africa, I say!
But poorer still, come judgment day,
The men who brewed the cursed fray!

VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.
Sheffield, March 25, 1900.

DEWEY.

Dewey was a commodore in our navy.

His business was to obey the orders of his superior officers and, when so ordered, to sink vessels and kill the people on board of them to the best of his ability.

As physicians are educated to *save life* so army and navy officers are educated to *destroy life* when so ordered. This is the business for which they are employed and paid by our government.

In discharge of his duty as a naval officer and in obedience to orders he sailed into Manila harbor and sank several vessels and killed a large number of people with so little risk that he did not lose a single man of his own command. He did (as he told the Mayor of New York) "*simply what any other captain in the service would have done,*"—and he did it well.

There are probably a thousand [perhaps many thousands] men and women in our country who have done vastly more for the good of our country and the world than Dewey did. Every thinking person knows this.

But for some reason or other large masses of our people have been pleased to render him such glorification as has never been rendered before to any man in America.

Do we blame Dewey for accepting this glorification?

Not in the least. We don't see how he could have very well avoided it.

Do we blame the people who gave him this great glorification?

Well, the newspapers and hotel keepers and lots of others made money out of it, and was it really more unreasonable than for thirty-four thousand people to pay from \$2 to \$20 each to witness on a cold November day in our city of Cambridge a gambling college prize-fight, and see the Governor of the great State of New York [dressed in a white sweater], yelling for Harvard?

And was it half so wicked as for Congress to hurry our nation into a war with Spain just as our President and Secretary Sherman were about to conclude a treaty by which Cuba would have been freed without the firing of a single gun?

In writing the above we do not mean to say that we do not need in the present state of civilization a moderate army and navy—but we do mean to say that thousands of men—firemen, police, engineers, coast guards, captains of ocean and other steamers, physicians and nurses in epidemics, &c., &c., are constantly running as great risks as army and navy officers, and that our belief is that in the progress of humane education the time will come when no such glorification as has been heaped on Dewey will be given for similar service to any other person.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CALIFORNIA.

We are delighted to hear from Miss M. E. McGraw of San Francisco of the splendid work being done in the formation of *Epworth League* "Bands of Mercy" in various parts of California.

Miss McGraw speaks of the increased circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* in California, and says, "I have great faith in the thinking that it is caused by that paper coming into a community."

MONUMENT TO HORSES.

The scheme to erect a monument in memory of the horses killed in the Japan-China war has progressed so far that the subscription to the project has reached an amount of about 10,000 *yen* in Ibaraki prefecture alone. The total height of the proposed monument amounts to 55 *shaku*, including the 10 *shaku* of the bronze statue of a horse which is just being designed by the artists of the Fine Art School.—*Japan Weekly Times*, March 24, 1900.

HORSES ARE NOT DEAF.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more in the management of horses than any amount of yelling.

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

An incident which showed dumb brute intelligence in a most emphatic manner occurred at the recent big fire at Waukegan, Ill. It has been related how George Sells rescued his horse at great peril to himself, but it was not stated how the animal appreciated his master's services. After entering the burning barn Mr. Sells merely untied the horse. Exhibiting little or no excitement, the animal stuck his head over his master's shoulder, gently rubbing its head against his face. Mr. Sells walked out hurriedly and the horse followed meekly after him, retaining the position mentioned. Mr. Sells tied the horse to a fence and was standing watching the progress of the fire, when suddenly he felt something rub against his face, and looking up, there stood his horse again, gently and affectionately rubbing its head against his cheek, as if to express his appreciation of its master's rescuing him from the flames. The dumb brute had broken the halter with which it had been tied in order to walk to its master's side to further express its feelings. Mr. Sells led the animal away and tied it again, but with a whinny it endeavored to persuade him not to leave it alone.

HE NEVER WILL PERMIT HIS HORSES TO BE DOCKED.

So one of Boston's most eminent lawyers tells us, and adds this:

"Why is it that so many kind, tender hearted people use docked horses? Horses suffer from flies, and nature has given the means to a considerable extent for their relief by a switch tail. When the tail is docked that relief is taken away. Probably for the most part the owners never think of the fact or they would not tolerate it. The lady sits calmly in her carriage and with her fan brushes away the insects, while her poor horses, whose fan has been taken away, are bitten and suffer. If your readers will think of this they may do good to those that cannot help themselves."

THE HORSE IN BATTLE.

When it comes to a battle a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and laid down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.

Constant activity in endeavoring to make others happy is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.—R. W. EMERSON.



WESTERN MARYLAND FARMER AND HIS HORSE.

From National Photo News and Views, Washington, D. C.

THE [SO-CALLED] MONROE DOCTRINE, WHICH, BY THE WAY [AS NOW REPRESENTED] MONROE NEVER THOUGHT OF.

Great Britain owns at present probably about as much land on this continent as we do, also various islands off our coast. Other European nations own various possessions on this side the Atlantic. Now to say that while we have the right to seize and hold a thousand islands on the coast of Asia, no European nation shall hereafter establish a colony or obtain by purchase, treaty or otherwise, an acre of land in South America, thousands of miles from our coast, seems to us to be about as nonsensical a humbug as any war-seeking politician can ever expect to make intelligent human beings believe. In behalf of the horses for whom it is our duty to speak, we protest against war with any nation on account of the Monroe doctrine being held to include the great continent of South America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER PROSECUTING OFFICER.

Mr. Robert L. Dyson, of Worcester, has been appointed an additional prosecuting officer of our Massachusetts Society P. C. A., to take charge at present of the counties of Worcester and Franklin.

Mr. Dyson comes to us with the very highest recommendations, and we hope his appointment will result in great good.

SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Of course we approve of all such societies, big and little. They cannot be too numerous. But of course there is a wide difference in their work and usefulness—as great a difference as between a little forty-foot chapel and St. Paul's at London, or St. Peter's at Rome.

A KIND REMEMBRANCE.

We are glad to acknowledge the reception, under the will of Frances E. Bangs, of \$2,000, less the government tax of \$150.

A BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

A Boston physician, enclosing a \$10 check for our "American Humane Education Society," [to help furnish the Cuban teachers with Spanish and English copies of "Black Beauty"] tells us that our Societies are remembered in his will, and adds that he would rather be in our place than in President McKinley's.

We certainly have no wish to exchange.

IS EVERY BAND OF MERCY A SUCCESS?

I am sometimes asked whether every "Band of Mercy" is a success, and I answer yes, although the degrees of success must of course differ greatly. Even if no second or third meeting of a "Band" were ever held, still an audience of children has been addressed on the subject and taken the pledge, and perhaps worn the badge, and they will never forget it so long as they live, and it will have a greater or less influence on their lives. I should never have been able to have established the Illinois Humane Society in what was then possibly the most cruel city of the world, but for the aid of one man who, when a little child in a mountain town of New Hampshire, was given by his teacher some verses on kindness to animals which he had never forgotten. When I called upon President Hayes at Washington to ask him to put in his message to Congress something about the cruelty of transportation of animals, he said that a sermon which he once heard when at school on the subject of kindness to animals he had remembered through life, and so he put into his message to Congress almost verbatim the words which at his request I wrote.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

In answer to the question whether we are still having large calls for "Black Beauty" we would say that we have this morning an order for 300 cloth-bound copies and 500 paper-bound copies for Rhode Island, and 121 cloth-bound copies for the city of Boston.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1900.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month four hundred and sixty-four new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of forty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

ITS THIRTY-THIRD YEAR.

On June 2d, 1868, we issued the first number of this paper [the first of its kind in the world] and printed two hundred thousand copies for wide circulation throughout Massachusetts and elsewhere.

With this number we begin its 33d year.

It is issued on the first Tuesday of each month, and by a coincidence the first Tuesday of this month comes on June 5th, our 78th birthday, and we feel that we have reason for profound gratitude to the Almighty that we now enter upon our 78th year with the hope that we may still continue some years longer to aid in the work of humane education and the protection of dumb animals from cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the May meeting of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, held on the 16th ult., President Angell reported that during the month the Society's agents had attended to 2236 cases, taken 88 horses from work, and mercifully killed 146 horses and other animals.

Of new "Bands of Mercy," 464 have been formed during the month, making a total of 42,468.

The Society had appointed an additional paid agent, who is to reside in Worcester and to have charge of the counties of Worcester and Franklin.

The Massachusetts Society had received during the month \$2000 from the will of Frances E. Bangs.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Does it pay to send *Our Dumb Animals* gratuitously to the editors of twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines?

We haven't the shadow of a doubt that it does pay, and pay richly.

The power that controls this continent is the power of the press.

No political party or religious sect or humane cause can succeed without it.

The men who most succeed in business or anything else are the men who most liberally use it.

In some parts of Europe its power is somewhat fettered, but in America it is the lever that moves the world.

Out of our immense distribution of this paper has come the printing of over two millions copies of "Black Beauty."

Out of it has come not only the establishing of our over forty thousand "Bands of Mercy" in all our States and Territories, but the building up of a humane sentiment which will sooner or later be felt around the world.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR STRUGGLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When freedom on her natal day
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The light, and truth, and love of heaven.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

That highly esteemed Boston missionary-clergyman, Rev. W. P. Tilden, in the fall of 1868, called at our office and said he had, with some trouble, obtained subscriptions for twenty-five copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, to be given to families represented in his mission Sunday-school, but wished he had enough money to put a copy in each family. "How many do you want?" said we. "Just eighty-eight copies," he answered. "Very well," said we, "you have paid for 25, Mrs. F. has ordered us to send you 40, Mrs. M. 3, and this morning Mr. G. called and handed us the money to send you 20 more—25 + 3 + 40 + 20 make just 88, the precise number you want, and they are all paid for." The good clergyman left very happy, but wondering how it happened that Mrs. F., Mrs. M., and Mr. G., without any knowledge of the number he wanted, and neither knowing the other, should have paid just the required amount.

We could tell of lots of things just as wonderful that have occurred in the progress of our work for the protection of God's dumb creatures. Look at the wonderful circulation of this book, "Black Beauty," and then see how largely it is owing to a check of \$5000 sent us by a kind-hearted lady whom we had never known before.

Some people do not believe in special providences. We have only to say that if there is not some superhuman power interested in this work of prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, lots of things which have occurred within our knowledge cannot be accounted for.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE.

[THOUGHT FOR THE DOCTORS.]

When William Evarts was asked the other day to what he ascribed his long life and excellent health, he replied: "I don't know, unless it is because I don't take any exercise." Those who know the venerable gentleman best recognize the answer as absolutely true. Mr. Evarts takes no exercise. He has carefully avoided exercise for many years. When he went from his house to his office he would not walk a block; he would take a carriage no matter how short the distance. Mr. Evarts isn't the only public man who has a theory that physical exercise, added to mental effort, is a waste of tissue, which tends toward debility and shortening of life. Joseph Chamberlain is a conspicuous example. He spares himself all physical effort, so far as he can. He will not walk up a single flight of stairs if he can help it. Senator Hanna is, perhaps, the most notable exponent of this principle in Washington. Vigorous as he is in speech and in mental effort, the senator is seldom seen save in an attitude which suggests physical repose. — *Exchange*.

Some time ago certain friends wishing very much to have "Black Beauty" printed by our American Humane Education Society in the Arabic language, sent us contributions for that purpose. In consequence of which we have had over a thousand copies printed in the Arabic language, and the circulation of them is now going on at Beirut.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over forty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

WHAT MICHELET SAYS.

Michelet says that if all the birds should die not a human being could live on the earth, for the insects upon which the birds live would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation.

"For Right is Right
since God is God,
And Right the day
shall win,
To doubt would be
disloyalty,
To falter would be
Sin."



LADY CROMWELL.

Owned by A. LANGGUTH of "Michigan Presbyterian," Detroit.

GIVEN A HUMANE MEDAL.

Joseph M. Ryan of Worcester, [so says the Worcester Daily Telegram] risked his life at noon yesterday to save the life of a drowning dog.

He plunged into Stillwater pond, swam 50 yards to where a dog was struggling for life and helped the creature to reach the shore. Ryan was exhausted and thoroughly chilled, but he saved the dog. He did his heroic act in the presence of many men and women employed in the South Worcester mills.

The dog was astray, and at noon the men employed in the above mills had been throwing sticks into the cold water for the dog to bring out, until he had become so chilled and exhausted that he had sunk once and it was evident that he was drowning. The dog was about a hundred and fifty feet from the shore when Ryan, throwing off his clothing, shoes and stockings, pulled on a pair of greasy overalls, and against the remonstrances of those who saw him, plunged into the icy water.

The dog seemed to know that Ryan was trying to save him, and all the way to the shore tried to lick the brave hand that was keeping him from death. Ryan was weak and half dead with cold and fatigue, but when at last he swam into shallow water with the dog safely held, a shout went up that was heard clear over on Southbridge street.

The dog was too weak to stand when he was hauled out of the pond, but his gratitude was none the less evident. He attempted to lick Ryan's hand. Ryan got a good rubdown from the men and got into dry clothing in the boiler-room as quickly as possible, and the dog was given a thorough warming and was dried comfortably. He went home last night with his friend, Joe Ryan.

Now Joseph M. Ryan of Worcester is not Dewey. He did not sail into Manila harbor. But he risked his life to save the life of a drowning dog, and at the Directors' meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on May 16th, was awarded by unanimous vote the Society's silver medal.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED.

When old Jack died we stayed from school (they said At home we needn't go that day), and none Of us ate any breakfast—only one.

And that was papa, and his eyes were red
When he came round where we were, by the shed,
Where Jack was lying, half way in the sun
And half in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud pa turned and dropped his head
And went away; and mamma, she went back
Into the kitchen. Then, for a long while
All to ourselves like, we stood there and cried—
We thought so many good things of old Jack,
And funny things—although we didn't smile—
We couldn't only cry when old Jack died!

When old Jack died it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face
That we had loved to fondle and embrace

From babyhood no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist
(If sobs had let us) or, as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak!" and he had not
replied;

We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain,
Deaf, motionless, we knew—when old Jack died!

When old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there, while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned
To sigh "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance because
For love of them he leaped to lick their hands—
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws,
And o'er his grave, way down the bottomlands,
Wrote "Our First Love Lies Here," when old Jack
died!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AMERICAN ANTI-WAR LEAGUE.

In regard to our proposition in the last number of this paper to form an "Anti-war League" for the protection of both human beings and lower animals, and, which in no way interfering with the Peace Societies now existing, should add to them a *hundred thousand branches* of young and old the world over, we would say that although our April paper has gone to every editorial office in America north of Mexico and to the many thousands of others, as shown on our last page, we have not received sufficient encouragement to warrant its starting, but we know that the thought so widely sown, not only in our own country but in the many others to which our paper goes every month, *may yet reach* some person or persons who will sooner or later cause, as we suggested, the formation of a *hundred thousand branches, with millions of members.*

UNDISTURBED SLEEP.

We are told that something has been invented which, placed in the ears when sleep is wanted in a noisy location, will completely shut out all sounds.

Can and will any of our readers tell us about this?

THE WOODS ON A SUMMER MORN-
ING.

Have you heard, of a summer morning,
The burst of the woodland praise.
Like a glorious hallelujah
Which God's people love to raise
In their churches and cathedrals,—
"He reigneth for evermore!"
It is most sublime in the woodland
When the winds through the tall trees roar.

"He liveth forever and ever!"
It sounds from the crested hills,
It echoes in sheltered valleys,
And is sung by the tinkling rills.
The pines take it up in a whisper,
And the ferns repeat it again—
"He liveth forever and ever!"
In an endless, soft refrain.

The breeze tones down to a zephyr,
And the birds pour forth their lays,
And oh, what a burst of music
From their golden throats they raise—
"We praise Him for tender mercy,
We praise Him for loving care!"
And the winds take up the anthem,
Till the charm is everywhere.

We join in the acclamation,
As through far-distant trees
The winds again are roaring
Like the waves of storm-tossed seas.
Our hearts are aglow with rapture
That the earth was made so fair,
And we feel a pervading Presence
That sings and stirs in the air.

ANNA E. PRESTON.

GOOD SUGGESTION.

I know a lady who, when she is approached for a contribution to a pet library, a wing to be built on the side of a church, foreign missionary work, tombs for Mary Washington, and so on, replies cheerfully: "With pleasure; I will give you a dollar for your pet charity, if you will give me a dollar for mine. Mine is the prevention of cruelty to animals, the shooting of live birds from traps for cruel sport, and the destruction of birds for hats. The prevention of these crimes can be brought about only by the plentiful use of money."—ELLA HIGGINSON, in *Seattle Times*.

NEEDLESS NOISES.

One of the injurious influences of a city life is the nervous derangements often caused by the incessant noise that a lax or cowardly municipal government tolerates, through ignorance of the effect or fear of offence to certain voters. It is a mischief operating so subtly and imperceptibly that it is not commonly suspected till its worst effects have become fixed. It is doubtful if any nervous system ever becomes so used to this incessant strain upon it as to feel no harm. The yelling of steam-whistles, the hiss of steam-pipes, the rattle and clash of wheels on stone-covered streets, the rumble of street-cars, the clangor of bells, the howling of hucksters, keep up a condition in which a healthy nervous system of natural strength and sensitiveness is impossible. And there is not one of these agencies that is not suppressed more or less completely in most of the great cities of the world. In Berlin heavy wagons are not allowed on certain streets. In Paris any cart-load of rattling material must be fastened till it can't rattle. Munich allows no bells on street-cars. In Philadelphia church bells have been held a nuisance in certain neighborhoods by judicial ruling. Steam-whistles are forbidden in nearly all the large cities of this country and Europe. Milkmen and bakers are not allowed to use bells or horns in some cities. In others the abominable yelling and howling of hucksters, for which there is no excuse at all, are prohibited. Our city might make a trial of one or two cases as an experiment.—*Indianapolis News*.

PHILADELPHIA.

We are glad to receive from the Woman's Society P. C. A., Philadelphia, on this May 8th, an order for a variety of copies of "Black Beauty," cloth and paper bound, in English, Spanish and Greek.

STRIKES.

By special request of one of the largest contributors to our "American Humane Education Society" we republish the following, which appeared in June, 1896, *Our Dumb Animals*:

MALAGA, SPAIN.

Our readers will remember that in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" we offered two \$100 prizes for the best plans of settling the difficulties between capital and labor—and that we have sent very widely over our own country and the world the two essays which (out of ninety-five from writers in twenty-two States) won the prizes.

One of these pamphlets went to D. N. Burke, Esq., United States Consul at Malaga, Spain, and led him to write us how the difficulty had been solved in that city.

It seems that there were two cotton mills in Malaga, side by side.

In one during some 40 years they have been troubled with quarrels and strikes. In the other, employing about 2000 operatives during about 40 years, there has been only peace, harmony, mutual respect and kindness.

We will give a few quotations to show how this happened:

"In Malaga to-day exists a very striking and practical working of what the law of kindness, as applied by an employer to employees, has effected."

"How during all these years, in which so many changes have taken place, there has been no strike, no grumbling, no unrest, no complaints, no whisper of discontent! Have higher wages been paid in this mill than in the other? No. Have the hours of labor been fewer? No. Has the work been less laborious or fatiguing than in the other? No. Is there a different class of persons employed in this mill than the other? No. It is simply this: *Senor Don Carlos Larios*, the owner of the mill and the employer of the operatives, has applied the law of kindness to his employees. As every one says, he treated them well, he treated them kindly; he recognized that his employees were flesh and blood, as he was. He realized that when hurt they felt the pain just as he would; when without food they were hungry, just as he would be. He, in fact, substituted the law of kindness for the practice of greed. If an employee was sick, he sent a doctor to look after him and paid for the necessary medicines. In case the employee's illness continued, he paid on recovery the wages the person would have received had he or she been at work during the time. In case of the death of the employee, the wages went to the family of the deceased, and besides, if the circumstances of the family were such as to require it, he defrayed the expenses of burial. When his operatives married he helped to "set them up" in housekeeping by presenting to the married couple several household articles which are indispensable for those entering such a state. Extraordinary diligence and care on the part of the employee in his or her work, or greater activity displayed by an operative, was duly recompensed in some way at some time by the proprietor of the mill; and every operative being aware of this sought to do his very best."

"The operatives had no labor organization. They needed none. Through this law of kindness the business of the mill was conducted. Discord, dissatisfaction, discontent, unrest and strikes were not on the programme of this mill. They had no use for labor agitators. If an operative had any ground of complaint he went at once to *Senor Larios*.

"The two thousand employees loved *Don Carlos* as they would a father; and if anyone had spoken ill of him in the presence of any employee, the employee would have resented it as quickly as if the ill-spoken word were uttered about the employee himself.

"He sought to follow the teachings of the Divine Master in doing to others what he would that they should do to him, and so when at the age of 75 he went on the 21st of last January to his God, his body

was followed to the cemetery by about 30,000 of Malaga's citizens."

We wish that every capitalist in America would imitate his example. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SERMON OUTSIDE.

A few Sabbaths since a gentleman was passing by a certain church, before which were hitched many teams, the property of affluent Christians, says *Farm, Stock, and Home*. The owners and their families were inside, listening no doubt, to the old, old story of loving-kindness, man's brotherhood, consideration for the weak and lowly, protection to the helpless, etc., and seconding a prayer for the coming of that kingdom in which suffering would be unknown and the milk of human kindness would ceaselessly flow. Very likely they were contributing liberally to the work of lifting out of the darkness of barbarism and up into the shining light of modern civilization the benighted heathen of far-off lands. But all this time not a few of the horses were enduring a torture more refined and exquisite than any that barbarous heathen could invent. The heads of the poor brutes were held in cruelly unnatural positions, and their necks were heartlessly strained and tortured by that infamous device of fashion—the tight check-rein. If the Father is mindful of the sparrow that falls, should not His worshippers be mindful of the sufferings of that noblest and best of the brute creation, the horse.

The gentleman unchecked the tortured horses, and for a moment enjoyed the keenest satisfaction in seeing the poor animals straighten, stretch, and twist their necks to get cords and muscles into their normal positions once more. He fancied, too, that he saw thanks and gratitude in their eyes. He passed on, happier for what he had just done. In auditing the final accounts of the inside worshippers and the outside philanthropist, that Sabbath day's record will appear on the books of the recording angel; but which, think you, will carry with it the larger credit—those of the disciples inside, or that of him who was doing the Master's work outside? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

THE WHEEL AND THE ROAD.

BY JOHN LEA,
[In Golden Days.]

The oarsman may sing of the river and lake,
His pastime with praises may load;
A song of delight he may leave in his wake:
But give me the wheel and the road!

Oh, vales of the midlands; oh, hills of the West!
When holiday touring is o'er,
I dream of you still, I pine with a zest
Your beauties again to explore.

What grand exultation will throb in the heart
When—each still in excellent trim—
We see from some rise, many miles from the start,
The hills we have left growing dim.

And then, like the swallows, we skim from the crown,
Behind us the hill rises fast;
A bridge—a few houses—a church and a town,
In rapid succession slip past.

Nor here can we stay, for we ride with old Time,
He's pacing us down to the sea.
And borne on the breeze comes a musical chime—
The clock in the town striking three.

And now the last hill on the road has been won,
A shout: for the sea is in sight!
And Xenophon's heroes, their journey near done,
Felt hardly a keener delight.

The oarsman may sing of the river and lake,
His pastime with praises may load;
But this glad refrain would I send in his wake:
"Oh, give me the wheel and the road!"

WISCONSIN.

It gives us pleasure to receive report of the Wisconsin Society, showing the splendid work done in that State, and particularly in the matter of humane education and the formation of "Bands of Mercy." As the readers of our "Autobiographical Sketches" know, we had the pleasure of being present at the formation of that Society and of helping to the best of our ability to aid in forming the same, and it gives us great happiness to know the results which have followed from its formation.

THREE-QUARTERS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Three-quarters of the human race are non-meat eaters, and among them some of the finest specimens physically and mentally that the world can boast of.

The subject of meat-eating is exciting grave apprehensions in scientific circles abroad. At the recent reunion of the British Medical Association held at Barnstable, the President remarked as follows: "It is admitted in a recent book on cattle tuberculosis that among dairy cattle at the present time it has been estimated that at least twenty-five per cent are more or less diseased. . . . I may remind you," he continued, "of the facts made public quite recently of the examination of the Queen's herd of cattle, where, out of forty animals, thirty-six were found to be affected. If this be the case in the royal herd, it is probable that tuberculosis is scarcely likely to be less prevalent in herds less constantly under supervision and not subject to the like care in the selection of breeding stock."

Mr. Gandhi, the Hindu teacher recently among us, when asked if vegetarianism did not impair the strength, silenced his interested questioners by saying that when the meat-eating Englishman went to India, the rice-eating Coolie had to carry him! and when both were wounded in battle, he of the purer diet recovered far more quickly from his injury.—From "Herald of Golden Age," English.

TORNADOES—WORTH REMEMBERING.

From report of the "Weather Bureau" at Washington we take the following:

Tornadoes move east or northeast.

The line of safety is toward the northwest. If the observer faces the storm, let him turn to the right and make the best time he can. The strength of the tornado is near its southern edge. Time is usually afforded for escape if people will keep cool and make no false steps.

If they run to the east they will soon be overtaken. If they run into the woods they increase their danger. If within a house or cellar, they should avoid the easterly side.

In a wooden house the cellar is the safest place; in a house of brick or stone the cellar is the most dangerous. The best preparation is to make an excavation in the west side of the cellar, supported by heavy timbers and well-constructed masonry.

PAUL PRY OF THE VELDT.

There is nothing in the wide, wide world quite as impudent as the South African meercat. He is a little, lithe, dun-colored animal something between a ferret and a weasel, with short, silver-tipped fur, an impudent snout and bright, beady little eyes.

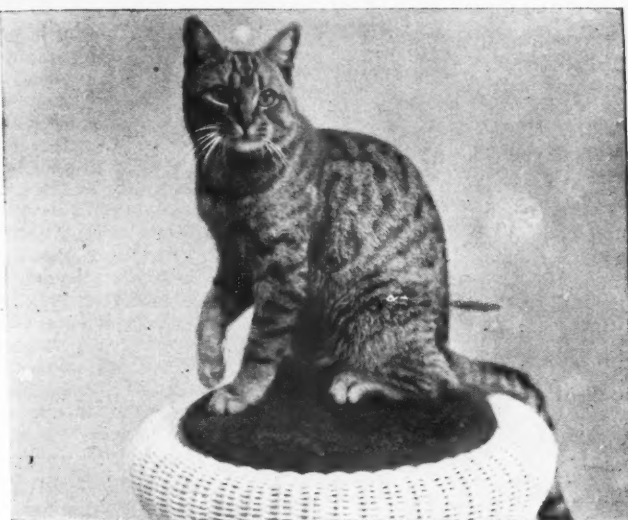
Nothing disturbs his equanimity, and it takes a deal to frighten him. He has been before now compared to the mongoose for his absolute indifference to surroundings and his curiosity to see what is going on in his immediate neighborhood.

Riding quietly over the veldt, scores of meercats may be seen popping up here and there and exchanging the time of day. They usually run in couples, and when they are surprised they sit up next to one another on their haunches and twist their heads from side to side in the most comical manner, making all the while a quaint whirring sound in their throats and flapping their absurd little fore-paws in a pathetically humorous sort of way.

There is really no limit to their cheek. One may be quietly asleep in a tent with one's head on a saddle and a kaross, or fur rug, thrown over one for warmth's sake. By and by a soft, cold, little nose is thrust into one's face, and the whirring, purring sound announces the visit of a friendly and inquisitive meercat.

WHAT TROUBLED PAT.

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of a New York artist and asked for money to obtain a meal, as he was too weak to work. He was given a quarter and departed. One of the young lady art students who were present, said: "Mr. M., can't we sketch that old man?" M. ran out and caught him, and said: "If you want to make a dollar, come back. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so M. remarked: "It's an easy way to make a dollar." "Oi know that," was the reply, "but Oi was a-wonderin' how Oi'd git th' paint off."



From "The Boston Sunday Journal," being one of the many half-tones printed by that paper.

Children love them, and, to give them credit, it must be admitted that they seem to love children. They have a playful way of darting to and fro as though pursued by an invisible enemy, then running up to a child and nuzzling up against the boy or girl as though for protection.

In a dwelling house they soon become entirely at home and choose the most comfortable spot in the middle of the hearth rug on which to squat. Here they sit up on end and make faces at the fire, their little throats rattling and whirring all the time.

In time and with a little kindness and feeding the meercat will answer to his name and run from one end of the garden to the other when called.—London Mail.

HONOLULU.

The Humane Educator of Honolulu is a live paper published in the interest of dumb animals. It owes its existence to a wealthy and influential lady of Honolulu, Mrs. Helen W. Craft, who has been appointed at her request humane officer, with full authority to enforce the laws for protection of animals, which she does with untiring vigilance and energy.

Her husband was formerly connected with our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

OUT IN INDIANA.

An old lady, summoned as a witness, came into court wearing a large poke bonnet. Her answers to the questions put to her being rather indistinct, the court requested her to speak louder, but without success.

"The court cannot hear a word you say, my good woman," said the judge. "Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours."

"Sir," she said, composedly, "the court has a right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right to make a lady remove her bonnet."

"Madam," replied the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us on the bench."

"I thank your honor kindly," she responded [dropping a low courtesy] to the court, "but there are old women enough there already."

It may be desirable to live to a green old age; but when you have attained it keep away from the bunco men.—Puck.

A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly.

TOOK OFF HIS GLASSES.

A New Hampshire physician sends us the following about his cat:—

"Among other queer tricks Dick will take off my glasses very carefully with his paw, hold them with one claw and survey them with great apparent interest."

"The first time he did this was one night when he had been napping and I reading. He is a great pet, and going to him I bent over, without indicating by any motion my meaning, and said gently:

"Dick, if you want to go to bed take off my glasses."

"He immediately reached up a paw and took them off as deftly as though it were an old habit. Thinking this a 'happen so,' I put them on and made the same request in different words, with precisely the same result. After one more repetition he yawned and plainly intimated that was enough."—Philadelphia Times.

NINE LIVES SAVED BY A CAT.

PUSS GIVES AN ALARM OF FIRE IN A STUDENTS' BOARDING HOUSE IN ITHACA.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 2.—The largest student boarding-house in Ithaca was burned last night. It was known as the East Hill House and was a four-story wooden structure. It was generally occupied by seventy-five Cornell students. Fortunately the University was closed for the spring vacation, and only seven students were in the house at the time. Mrs. Stillwell, with her mother, Mrs. Wright, conducted the boarding-house, and these two women barely escaped in their night-clothes.

The fire was not discovered until the flames were well under way, and Mrs. Stillwell said this morning that she believed her life and the lives of all the occupants were saved by a favorite cat, which went meowing up and down the halls. She awoke and tried to quiet the cat by speaking to it, but it came into her room and pulled with its claws on the bed-clothes until she got up to see what was the matter. It was then that she discovered that the house was in flames. She aroused the other occupants, who, luckily, were all sleeping on the two lower floors. All escaped without injury. The cat purred and rubbed on the legs of the firemen after the occupants were out, as if it was proud of the work it had done.—New York Sun.

Our attention is called by an English correspondent to the terrible cruelty inflicted in tearing the shells from the backs of the turtles, using in the process boiling hot water or fire.

The statement made, which seems to be well authenticated, shows the great importance of humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in the schools of all civilized nations.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

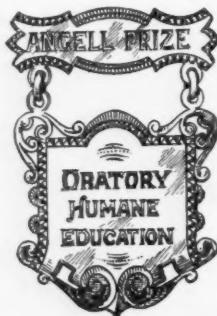
(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 75 cents at office, or 80 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is 75 cents, we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 65 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address *Art and Natural Study Publishing Co.*, Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors nights.

In moving don't forget your cat.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

BOY FAINTED

WHEN THEY KILLED HIS PET RABBIT IN THE VIVISECTION CLASS.

FORT WAYNE, IND.—The Allen County Medical Society has begun a crusade against too much "cramming" in the public schools.

Recently the teachers have taken up vivisection, and cats, rats, rabbits and other animals are dissected in the presence of the pupils. Recently a well-known physician was giving a lesson, and asked the pupils to bring him some small animal. A little boy living near the school ran home and brought a pet rabbit. The doctor promptly began to dissect it, and the poor little fellow, who hadn't been told what was to be done, fainted when his pet was killed.

The Medical Society has appointed a committee, consisting of the five leading practitioners, to endeavor to have an order issued to stop these exhibitions.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

VIVISECTION.

Prof. James E. Garretson, M. D., (the late) Senior Professor of Surgery Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia:

"I am without words to express my horror of vivisection, though I have been a teacher of anatomy and surgery for thirty years. It serves no purpose that is not better served after other manners."

Forbes Winslow, D. C. L. Oxon, M. R. C. P., London, Physician to the British Hospital for Mental Diseases; Physician to North London Hospital for Consumption, etc.:

"In my opinion, vivisection has opened up no new views for the treatment and cure of diseases. It is most unjustifiable and cruel, and in no way advances medical science. I have probably more experience than many experimenters who have given their opinions to the world as based on what they have done, and I beg leave to express my utter disbelief in the usefulness of such experiments, and to discredit their being followed by any good results to mankind or to science in general."

"Blessed are the merciful."

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

The bonny, bonny little birds!

It is their hour of need,
They have no power to beg for life,
It is for them I plead.

The human cry to God is still
For "mercy, mercy," solely;
The birds sing only "God be praised,"
And "holy, holy, holy."

*Could ye but see the bright wings torn
From birds alive and bleeding,
And note their quivering agony,
I had no need for pleading.*

The wingless form flung in the dust,
Its deathly pain and terror,
Would wake in every woman's heart
A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds,
In cruel hands a-dying,
Have heard, with breaking mother hearts,
Their hungry nestlings crying.

The nestlings starve, and God's command
Has been defied and broken,

For He who made the universe
In their behalf hath spoken.

The bonny, bonny little birds!
It is their hour of need,
They have no power to beg for life,
It is for them I plead.

ELIZABETH FREELAND.

HAD THE LAW ON HIS SIDE.

It was at Forty-sixth street and Vincennes avenue where the work of excavating for a large flat building has been in progress for some time. Frequently the indignation of the people living nearby has been aroused by the brutalities visited upon the horses at work there.

The soil is of a soft, sandy character and the wheels of the wagons sink almost to the hubs under the weight of the loads carried. The sand is dumped on a vacant lot about 100 feet to the south of the place of excavation, and the horses have suffered more at this place than at the other, as they are obliged to pull their loads to the top of the soft mound.

The other day after a wagon had deposited its load, and, for no other reason save his own innate brutality, the driver began brutally beating his horses. Suddenly he was approached by a boy of about 10 years of age, who, with a flashing eye and in a peremptory tone of voice, said:

"Stop whipping those horses. If you strike them again I will have you arrested."

The driver for a moment was too astonished to reply, for the child's earnest and determined manner impressed even him; then with an oath at the child he raised his whip again to strike his horses.

"Look out," said the fearless child, as he stepped nearer. "I am a member of the humane society and if you beat those horses any more I'll certainly have you arrested."

The blow did not fall. The words "humane society" and the child's determined manner arrested the uplifted arm, but in another moment the driver whirled about on the boy, and swinging his whip in a menacing manner shouted, amid a volley of epithets directed at the boy:

"Get out of here, you — little whelp, or I'll wrap this whip around you and cut you in two."

"If you do it will be the dearest blow you ever struck," said the unflinching child, "for I'll have you in jail where you belong within an hour."

The moral force of the child triumphed over the brutal instincts of the man. With a sullen oath the driver turned his attention to his horses, but he did not beat them again.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 21.

[Such results repay us for the time and money we gave in 1870 and 1871 in organizing the Illinois Humane Society.]



Copyright, 1899, by Lee & Shepard.

OFF FOR VACATION.

From "Told Under the Cherry Trees," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Fair maiden (a summer boarder) — "How savagely that cow looks at me."

Farmer H. — "It's your red parasol, mum."

Fair maiden — "Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."—New York Weekly.

THE CHORISTERS.

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze

Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing,
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart:
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket,
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.

By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

Philadelphia North American.

A boy, kept in after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spellbound.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SEVERAL HUNDREDS.

The crowd of matter for our columns compels us to postpone the publication of several hundreds of new Bands of Mercy this month, but they will all appear in subsequent numbers.

New Bands of Mercy.

41923 Portland, Oregon.
Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Gertrude Donaghy.
41924 E. Bangor, Pa.
Little Wee Tots Band.
P., Harry Reimel.
41925 Mishawaka, Ind.
Mercy Band, No. 3.
P., Agnes Pitcher.
41926 Hyde Park, Mass.
Hyde Park Star Band.
P., Susie A. Coggeshall.
41927 Jacksonville, Ill.
Washington Band.
P., Talmage Johnston.
41928 San Antonio, Tex.
Lone Star Band.
P., Miss Donnie M. Brogden.
41929 Middlebury, Conn.
Blue Bird Band.
P., Alice E. Buell.
41930 Carmichael, Md.
Our Good Comrade Band.
P., Ida Mae Dodd.
41931 Hubbardston, Mich.
Protect the Helpless Band.
P., Fannie L. Brayton.
41932 Chicago, Ill.
Immanuel Band.
P., Winfield Covert.
41933 Hingham, Mass.
John D. Long Band.
P., Harry H. Richardson.
41934 Burns Band.
P., A. B. Judson.
41935 Lowell Band.
P., B. M. Hill.
41936 Lincoln Band.
P., A. E. Moffett.
41937 Longfellow Band.
P., L. D. Wiley.
41938 Pink Band.
P., G. J. Bowden.
41939 Fanny Band.
P., M. A. Husey.
41940 Rose Band.
P., S. B. Wilson.
41941 Crocus Band.
P., Miss Evans.
41942 Violet Band.
P., Miss Reed.
41943 Mayflower Band.
P., L. W. Hardin.
41944 Sky Lark Band.
P., C. J. Gardner.
41945 Robin Red Breast Band.
P., M. T. Fearing.
41946 Bluebird Band.
P., F. C. Cushing.
41947 Golden Rod Band.
P., Mary A. Crow.
41948 Sky Lark Band.
P., Florence Chapin.
41949 Bloomington, Ill.
Edwards School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Orillia Sikes.
41950 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Dexter.
41951 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Ongley.
41952 No. 4 Band.
P., Ira S. Griffith.
41953 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Ryan.
41954 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Henry.
41955 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Walker.
41956 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Hobson.
41957 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Slattry.
41958 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Martin.
41959 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Rowley.
41960 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Lemen.
41961 Hawthorne School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mrs. Hyde.
41962 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Theis.

41963 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Gasenzer.
41964 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Wilcox.
41965 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Cavanaugh.
41966 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Hallett.
41967 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Miller.
41968 No. 8 Band.
P., Mrs. Price.
41969 Franklin School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Seibert.
41970 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss York.
41971 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Fairfield.
41972 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Hughes.
41973 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Holder.
41974 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Onstott.
41975 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Baller.
41976 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Gmehlin.
41977 Lincoln School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Jacoby.
41978 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Williams.
41979 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hopping.
41980 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Ingersol.
41981 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Morton.
41982 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Arnett.
41983 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Haynes.
41984 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Nelson.
41985 Jefferson School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Stuart.
41986 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Hulva.
41987 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Graham.
41988 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Russell.
41989 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Bradley.
41990 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Livingston.
41991 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Webb.
41992 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Feasley.
41993 Crawfordsville, Ind.
High School.
No. 1 Band.
P., G. F. Kenaston.
41994 No. 2 Band.
P., Anna Wilson.
41995 No. 3 Band.
P., Mary E. Walkup.
41996 No. 4 Band.
P., Jessie E. Moore.
41997 Crawfordsville Band.
P., Dudley N. Vance.
41998 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Muhleisen.
41999 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Kleinhaus.
42000 Central School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Anna M. Beck.
42001 No. 2 Band.
P., Addie Harding.
42002 No. 3 Band.
P., Lizzie J. Maxedon.
42003 No. 4 Band.
P., Belle Moore.
42004 No. 5 Band.
P., Ida M. Hall.
42005 No. 6 Band.
P., S. S. Phillips.
42006 No. 7 Band.
P., Mellin Blair.
42007 No. 8 Band.
P., Clara F. Brockman.

42008 No. 9 Band.
P., Mary D. Davis.
42009 No. 10 Band.
P., Clara M. Calvin.
42010 No. 11 Band.
P., Mary H. Spillman.
42011 Mills School.
No. 1 Band.
P., D. Fruman.
42012 No. 2 Band.
P., Maud Hall.
42013 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hanna.
42014 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Nolan.
42015 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Plummer.
42016 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Chamberlain.
42017 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Hessing.
42018 Wilson School.
No. 1 Band.
P., W. E. Carroon.
42019 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Watson.
42020 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Coons.
42021 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Blair.
42022 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Wasson.
42023 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Ewing.
42024 Lincoln School.
No. 1 Band.
P., F. M. Teister.
42025 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Teister.
42026 Kindergarten.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss A. M. Sibbett.
42027 Catonsville, Md.
Sunshine Band.
P., Miss P. S. Crosby.
42028 Richmond, N. J.
Hopetel Band.
P., Eva Cullen.
42029 Ashmore, Ill.
Ashmore Band.
P., Mrs. O. C. Bailey.
42030 Philadelphia, Pa.
Lookout Band.
P., Mrs. A. M. Sampsel.
42031 Des Moines, Iowa.
Elmwood Band.
P., Beatrice Grete.
42032 Mishawaka, Ind.
Mishawaka Band No. 6.
P., Miss Merion Simanton.
42033 Woodstock, Vt.
Cong. Church S. S. Band.
P., Hiram W. Johnson.
42034 Sheboygan, Wis.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Laura V. Keyser.
42035 Mishawaka, Ind.
Twentieth Century Band.
P., Jessie N. Curtis.
42036 Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Farrish St. Band.
P., Walter Schlick.
42037 E. Bangor, Pa.
Busy Band.
P., Clarence Slutter.
42038 Webster, S. D.
Webster Band.
P., C. O. Norris.
42039 Berwick, La.
Berwick Band.
P., Mrs. H. N. Pharr.
42040 Ottawa, Ont.
Golden Rule Band.
P., H. T. Burpee.
42041 Sturgis, S. D.
Pleasant Valley Band.
P., Eva Winyall.
42042 Washington, D. C.
St. Vincent Academy.
St. Vincent Band No. 1.
P., Sister Lucy.
42043 St. Vincent Band No. 2.
P., Sister Angela.
42044 St. Vincent Band No. 3.
P., Sister Raphael.
42045 St. Vincent Band No. 4.
P., Sister DePaul.
42046 St. Vincent Band No. 5.
P., Sister Josephine.
42047 St. Vincent Band No. 6.
P., Sister Isidore.
42048 St. Vincent Band No. 7.
P., Sister Perpetua.
42049 Washington, D. C.
Howard Defenders Band.
P., Miss Annie R. Barker.
42050 Providence, R. I.
Columbia Band.
P., Edith R. Allen.
42051 Sunbeam Band.
P., Edith R. Allen.

42052 Sunshine Band, Div. 1.
P., Bertha G. Salisbury.
42053 Sunshine Band, Div. 2.
P., Mary A. Trimble.
42054 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Florence M. Burt.
42055 Landseer Band.
P., Anna G. Duffy.
42056 Kindly Ones Band.
P., Minnie M. Kelley.
42057 I'll Try Band.
P., Emma P. Hussey.
42058 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Carrie E. Drew.
42059 True-Hearted Defenders Band.
P., Mary A. Kindelan.
42060 Loyal Protection Band.
P., Susan G. Duffy.
42061 Vigilant Band.
P., Alice C. Tripp.
42062 Helpers of the Helpless Band.
P., Clara L. Sullivan.
42063 Volunteer Band.
P., Mary J. Dunne.
42064 Wide Awake Band.
P., Weltha Farrell.
42065 Thoughtful Band.
P., Alice L. Mahy.
42066 Willing Workers Band.
P., Alice F. White.
42067 Victorious Band.
P., Katharine M. A. Brennan.
42068 Kind-Hearted Band.
P., Helen Seabury.
42069 Golden Rule Band.
P., Elizabeth H. Kerr.
42070 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Jennie T. Coffey.
42071 Willing Helpers Band.
P., Annie L. Munnegele.
42072 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Winifred M. Rice.
42073 Honor Band.
P., I. A. Truman.
42074 George T. Angell Band.
P., Minnie L. Gallagher.
42075 Earnest Happy Workers Band.
P., Mary E. Arnold.
42076 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. E. Randall.
42077 Little Pilgrims Band.
P., Ellen P. Brown.
42078 Sunbeam Band.
P., Jennie B. Mykins.
42079 Excelsior Band.
P., Katharine C. Molloy.
42080 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Sarah E. Kelly.
42081 Nature's Knights Errant Band.
P., Ellen L. Virgin.
42082 Landseer Band.
P., Harriet E. Wood.
42083 Animals' Friend League Band.
P., Catherine O'Reilly.
42084 Candace Golden Rule Bd.
P., Elizabeth J. Molloy.
42085 True-Hearted Defenders Band.
P., Ella Blackburn.
42086 Vigilant Protectors Band.
P., Margaret L. Kane.
42087 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Annie Carnoe.
42088 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Mary Estelle Nowell.
42089 Happy Workers Band.
P., Annie L. Stimpson.
42090 Good Will Band.
P., Agnes A. Foster.
42091 Golden Rule Band.
P., Anna L. Burns.
42092 Defenders of the Helpless Band.
P., Elizabeth C. Dawson.
42093 Kind Hearted Band.
P., Teresa A. O'Neill.
42094 Willing Hands Band.
P., Catherine E. Nolan.
42095 I'll Try Band.
P., Clara F. Perry.
42096 Golden Rule Band.
P., A. W. Field.
42097 Good Will Band.
P., Etta A. Paul.
42098 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Mary C. W. Bowen.
42099 Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Helen G. Hazard.
42100 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Gertrude L. Jacobs.
42101 Kind Boys and Girls Band.
P., Lucy F. Covell.

42102 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mary T. Burt.
42103 Sunshine Band.
P., Ida A. McLane.
42104 Thoughtful Band.
P., A. D. Padelford.
42105 Nature's Protectors Band.
P., Rachel G. Linton.
42106 Animals Friend Band.
P., Emma J. Craig.
42107 Volunteer Defenders Bd.
P., Hannah M. Crocker.
42108 Golden Rule Band.
P., Emma J. Craig.
42109 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Francesca A. Manchester.
42110 Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Ida A. McLane.
42111 Friends of Animals Band.
P., Sabra M. Anderson.
42112 Kind Friends of Animals Band.
P., Alice M. Kenyon.
42113 Defenders of the Helpless Band.
P., Elsie A. Hodgson.
42114 Be Kind to All Band.
P., Mary A. Crane.
42115 Earnest Happy Workers Band.
P., Eliz. S. Holland.
42116 Always Willing Band.
P., Margaret C. Kelley.
42117 Oxford Humane Band.
P., Stella C. Allen.
42118 Oxford Humane Band.
P., Mary A. S. Mugan.
42119 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Janet Blinkhorn.
42120 Protectors of Helpless Bd.
P., Edith G. Freeman.
42121 Kindness Band.
P., Emma Grant.
42122 Good Will Band.
P., Eleanor Dunn.
42123 Defenders of the Helpless Band.
P., J. O. Kennedy.
42124 Happy Workers Band.
P., Emma T. Farrell.
42125 Kind Deeds Band.
P., M. G. Smith.
42126 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. E. Waite.
42127 Kind Helpers Band.
P., E. L. Robinson.
42128 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella L. Sweeney.
42129 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Katherine C. Walsh.
42130 Willing Workers Band.
P., Della M. Hayden.
42131 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary L. Moran.
42132 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Catherine F. Doran.
42133 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Martha Stone.
42134 Animals Friends Band.
P., H. N. Allan.
42135 Wide Awake Band.
P., Jennie Macready.
42136 Willing Workers Band.
P., Josephine F. Bishop.
42137 Sunbeam Band.
P., Geneva A. Cobb.
42138 Sunshine Band.
P., Phoebe A. Andrews.
42139 Little Friends Band.
P., Agnes Wright.
42140 Loyal Band.
P., Abbie F. Hopkins.
42141 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Carrie Payton.
42142 Sunbeam Band.
P., Emma D. Brown.
42143 Little Friends Band.
P., Martha A. Freeman.
42144 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Reuben F. Randall.
42145 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., A. A. Hawkins.
42146 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Alice M. Robinson.
42147 Sunshine Band.
P., Kittie A. Riordan.
42148 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Sadie E. Barrett.
42149 Peoria, Ill.
Jr. Endeavor Band.
P., Carl Moltke.
42150 Cokertown, N. Y.
Jr. C. E. Band.
P., Miss Susie Fulton.

BY REQUEST.

By request we give our readers in this picture the *present* face of the editor of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Shortly before leaving college over fifty years ago he visited his native town, and the good old ladies who had belonged to his father's church gathered around to see the only son of their deceased pastor.

One, we remember, presented him with a fine-tooth comb which, very likely, she thought he needed; another, after giving him a most careful examination through her spectacles, said: "Well, you don't look a bit like your father—he was a very handsome man."

WE THANK "FIBRE AND FABRIC."

We thank the editor of "*Fibre and Fabric*" for the following, which we have taken the liberty of toning down somewhat that it may not seem too complimentary:

"It is surprising how young an old man is whose life is devoted to *doing good* and alleviating the sufferings of dumb animals. Thus we see the President of our Massachusetts humane societies, who has been on earth such a long time and yet has the spirit of a boy let loose on the first bright May morning of the season. Mr. A. is untrammelled and uses his pen in a fearless manner against *war* and *cruelty* in every form. It is refreshing to read *Our Dumb Animals* each month, and it is also cheering to know that Mr. A. has some excellent lieutenants."

HOW THANKFUL.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I want to tell you how thankful some of us are that there is *one paper in this country* which has not an advertisement from cover to cover, or a single hint of any mercenary motive in its pages.

THE LOVE OF WILD ANIMALS FOR THEIR YOUNG.

It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travellers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors from an Eastern college, and the scene of their adventure was near the line between Pennsylvania and New York. They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled up-stream to be farther from the mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travellers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babies.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning. Her action was intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach, and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching

for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile, like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travellers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.—From "*Current Literature*."

DO THEY EVER DIE FROM GRIEF?

Some one sends us an article from the *New York Herald* giving three cases in which a horse, a dog, and a canary bird died from grief on account of the absence of their friends the owners, and adds that a hundred instances could be cited of animals that have died of grief at being separated from those they love.

The following, which appears in our Address to the Boston Public Schools, shows very clearly how sensitive even birds are:

"To show how this power of the voice extends through the whole animal creation, I will say that I know one of the best ladies in Massachusetts, who lives within five miles of this school-house. She had, a few years ago, a beautiful canary bird which she dearly loved, and to which she had never spoken an unkind word in her life.

"One Sunday the church organist was away, and she stopped after church to play the organ for the Sunday-school.

"In consequence of this the dinner had to be put off an hour, and when she got home her good husband was very hungry, and as the girls may find out some time, when husbands get very hungry they sometimes get cross, and he spoke to her unkindly.

"The things were put on and they sat down in silence at the table, and presently the bird began to chirp at her as it always had to attract her attention. To shame her husband for having spoken so, she turned to the bird, and for the first time in her life spoke to it in a most violent and angry tone. In

less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage—the bird was dead.

"When I was at New Orleans, winter before last, Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the late Vice-President of the United States, came there. And she said that she once killed a mocking bird in the same way. It annoyed her by loud singing. To stop it she spoke in a violent tone, and pretended to throw something at it, and within five minutes it was dead."

CUBA, HAVANA.

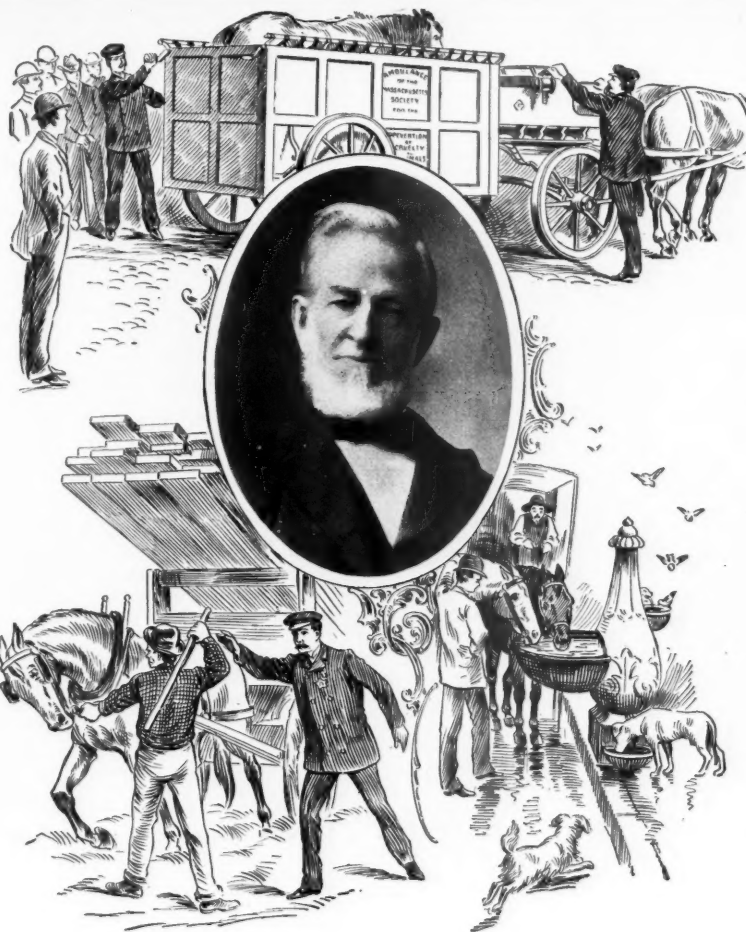
Just before going to press we receive a letter from Hon. A. E. Frye, superintendent of the schools of Cuba, in which, speaking of "*Black Beauty*," he says: "*There is no book in the world to compare with this*," and he wants many thousands of copies of our Spanish edition to give to teachers and children in Cuba. It is a terrible pity that our *American Humane Education Society* has not the means to answer the calls made upon us. We could use profitably every year as much in trying to convert *American heathen alone to humanity* as our great missionary societies are using in trying to convert the heathen in foreign lands.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LORD AND LADY CURZON.

We see in our evening paper of March 29th that Lord and Lady Curzon left Calcutta yesterday for a week's shooting.

We hope this was in some way to benefit the starving people of India.



Receipts by M. S. P. C. A. for April.

Fines and witness fees, \$108.61.

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All others in sums of less than one dollar, \$1.10.
Total, \$416.10.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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All others, \$31.35.

Total, \$170.10.

Publications sold, \$291.10.

Total, \$1,278.91.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in April.

A friend, \$50; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$12; Miss L. Freeman Clarke, \$10; C. W. Ritchie, Treas., \$6.85; Miss M. C. Yarrow, \$5.62; Miss E. T. Kieselhorst, \$5; Mrs. Geo. M. DuBois, \$5.
Small sales of publications, \$32.55.

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We wish to say to our kind friends among our readers who intend to remember our humane societies in their wills, that if they so choose they can pay into the hands of the trustees of our permanent funds any sums they like to give to our humane societies, receiving interest on the same during their lifetimes. This would avoid any contest of their wills. I would add that the investing trustees of our permanent fund are gentlemen who hold large trusts, and that during their administration they have never lost a single dollar of our funds by bad investment.

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